The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

A Vision.

Mother dear, the shadows deepen
In the bright and pleasant room,
Day's fair light is swiftly gliding
Into pensive twilight gloom.

Now the stars are gently peeping
From the fair and cloudless sky,
And the moon, night's silvery goddess,
Shines in queenly majesty.

Mother, now the shadows gathering,
Tell me that my youthful life
Is fast gliding into shadows,
Dark with gloom, and thick with strife.

Tell me that the hours of childhood,
Filled with smiles and pearly tears,
Now are numbered with the by-gone
And the half forgotten years.

And as fast the years glide onward,
Shadows gather thick and drear,
Like the dusky shades of evening
When the sunbeams disappear.

But I look into the distance,
Just beyond the setting sun,
And behold a scene of beauty
In the twilight just begun.

Ah, I see where weary mortals,
Freed from care, and woe, and sin,
Ope the joyful gates of heaven,
Gently, softly enter in.

Mother, through the weary shadows,
I can see the blessed light,
And the angels pure and spotless,
Clad in robes of pearly white.

I behold the flowers celestial,
Fair and sweet, of every hue;
They are weaving them in garlands,
For the good, the pure, and true.

They are weaving them in garlands,
Lovelier than aught here can be—
Mother, when earth-life has ended,
Will they twine a wreath for me?

Will they twine it round my forehead?
Will they robe me in pure white,
When I pass the vale of shadows,
To the land where all is bright?

Mother dear, the shades are deep'ning,
And the vision bright is o'er;
And I look to catch a glimmer
Of the slowly closing door.

But I look in vain,—'tis over,
And once more I turn again,
To this life of scenes e'er changing,
Full of anguish, care, and pain.

But the angels and the flowers,—
They in mem'ry's halls will be,
Till I join the hosts immortal,
Till they twine a wreath for me.

Eva J. Stickney.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XII.

"Well, John, how do you feel after your first day's farming?" said Alf, when they were alone in their room at night.

"Very tired, and my hands are blistered, and I feel as sore as if I had been pounded all over. How do you feel?"

"Much as you say, as if I had been bruised and beaten."

"I suppose we shall get over this soreness after a day or two."

"Yes, they say eels get used to being skinned, and I don't see why boys shouldn't as well. But we will not hold ourselves to this kind of treatment long. If we have good luck we will be up and away again to-morrow night."

"What, so soon as that?"

"Yes, I think we will not work longer than till night to-morrow. That will give us six dollars, and we can surely get to New York with that."

"It seems to me now as if I could never walk to New York."

"Well, I have been thinking that we had better not attempt to walk any farther. We can take the express train to-morrow night from here, and be in New York in the morning. That will be much easier than to walk, and, in the long run cheaper."

"I believe it. I am sure my poor tired feet would never take me there. How far is it to New York from here?"

"I don't know exactly, but I think it can't be more than about eighty miles."

"Oh well, we can soon get over that with a steam-horse to draw us, and there will be no danger from robbers in the cars."

"No, not as much danger from robbers, and then, John, we shall have very little left for thieves to take after we have paid for our tickets."

"I know it, Alf. What do you think will become of us after we get to New York, with so little money to buy food with?"

Why, we are going to sea, boy, when we get to New York. I don't expect to take any time to starve, myself."

"Supposing we do not get a vessel the first day that we get there."

"But supposing we do. We might as well suppose good luck as bad, when we are supposing."

"Yes, you're right. It never helps anybody to borrow trouble."

"No indeed it doesn't. I think we have had enough of it, this week, without borrowing any."

"We had better spend our time being thankful for what blessing we have. Think of the delight of having this good bed to sleep on; you have not had such a luxury as a bed for three nights before. Isn't this something to be thankful for?"

"Yes, I think it is, only my bones ache so that I cannot think much about anything else."

"I guess they would ache worse, if you had to lay them down on the hard ground to-night."

"Oh yes, I suppose they would. I am thankful, abundantly thankful for safe shelter and a bed to lie on; but more especially for the safe shelter under this good Mr. Smith's roof. It seems to me that the best thing God has ever done for the world was in putting good men into it."

"Yes. It there be a best that is better than all this good, it is in making good men. You remember that he crowned his creation, after he had made the earth, and sea, and air, and all that is in them, by making man to study and enjoy them. Man in his own image—that was his crowning work."

"But did you never wonder, John, why God didn't make man better?"

"Make him better? Why, what do you mean, Alf?"

"Why I mean just what I say. I don't think it is very hard to understand, that those men that we fell in with last night, for instance, might be a good deal better than they are now."

"Oh yes, I can see that they might be improved."

"Well, there are plenty more in the world like them. Now my question is, Why, when God was making man, did he not make him good, and honest, and upright, and healthily sweet, in body and soul?"

"Well, Alf, you have asked a very hard question. I suppose we might as well ask why he made snakes, and toads, and those venomous things, instead of making all the animals beautiful birds."

"Well, John, I learned something the other day, that interested me not a little about that."

"What was it?"

"It was, that God is permitting the ugly things to die off the earth, and leaving the beautiful things as plentiful as ever they were."

"How do you mean?"

"Just as I say. The statement was in one of Prof. Huxley's Lectures, and it was this—(I think I can give it in his own words): 'Among the mammalia and birds there are none extinct; but when we come to the reptiles there is a most wonderful thing; out of the eight orders or thereabouts, which you can make among reptiles, one half are extinct.' Now you see, John, if things go on in this way, there will come a time when all the reptiles will be gone from off the earth. And then, more than this, the beautiful things are growing more beautiful. I read that in one of Mr. Darwin's books."

"What do you mean by their growing more beautiful?"

"Why, that birds are more beautiful now than they used to be."

"I don't believe that."

"Do you know enough about the facts to make up a belief?"

"Why yes. Don't I know that the robins that I saw to-day, looked exactly like the robins that I saw last year?"

"Oh well," said Alf, laughing, "a year is not a very long time for Nature to make one of her great revolutions in."

"Well, take ten years then—fifteen if you like, and the robins are not one bit different from the robins that I saw when I was a little boy."

"I think Mr. Darwin did not mean that this change comes rapidly, or comes enough to be perceptible in many years. Perhaps the birds of to-day, would look to the naked eye much as the birds of a century ago looked. But you must consider how delicate the beautiful shading on a bird's feather is. You might see increased beauty, if you were looking through a microscope which your naked eye would not see at all."

"Very true, and I suppose God, whose 'thousand years are as one day,' is working fast enough to suit all his purposes."

"Yes, undoubtedly he is. And isn't it a wonderful thought, that it seems a part of his great design, to grow all the ugliness off from the earth, or permit it to die off, and increase the beauty, until—O John, I am almost lost with the thought—until there is created a new heavens and a new earth, and they are one in the beauty of their newness. And as we have been talking, I seem to have got a new revelation, and an answer has come to me for the question that I was myself asking a few moments ago."

"What was that?"

"Why I asked you if you didn't wonder why God didn't make man better, that is, why he didn't make man perfect in the beginning. I think I see it now. He hasn't got man made yet. That is, not entirely perfected. He is working and working on him, just as he is on the birds, and all other beautiful things. He is letting the reptile part of man's nature die out, and the bird part improve, and by and by—Oh John, how beautiful it seems—when he has his perfected earth, he will have a perfected race of beings upon it, to understand and enjoy it."

"How wonderful the thought is, Alf."

"Oh, it is indeed, almost past understanding. I think now that most of our folly in questioning, comes of our foolish haste to have God complete all his work in a minute."

"Well, I think we shall not accomplish much in the way of hurrying him, however much of our poor human fretting we may do."

"No, you are right there, John. It will be in his own good time that all these things will be accomplished and a great many generations of men will come and go upon the earth before it is done."

"Yes, we grow better so very very slowly. You can hardly see by reading history that the men on the earth are so very much better than they were centuries ago."

"Perhaps the angels look through microscopes, and see more change than our poor human eyes can discover. For goodness is like the delicate color on the bird's wing. Its progress opens only to the microscopic vision."

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

Cat Life.

Dozing, and dozing, and dozing!
Pleasant enough,
Dreaming of sweet cream and mouse-meat,—
Delicate stuff!

Of raids on the pantry and hen-coop,
Or light, stealthy tread
Of cat-gossips, meeting by moonlight
On a ridge-pole or shed.—

Waked by a somerset, whirling
From cushion to floor;
Waked to a wild rush for safety
From window to door.

Waking to hands that first smooth us,
And then pull our tails;
Punished with slaps when we show them
The length of our nails!

These big mortal tyrants even grudge us
A place on the mat.
Do they think we enjoy for our music
Staccatos of "scat"?

What in the world were we made for?
Man, do you know?
By you to be petted, tormented?—
Are *you* friend or foe?

To be treated, now, just as you treat us,
The question is pat,—
To take just our chances of living,
Would *you* be a cat?

Lucy Larcom.

PATIENCE is always crowned with success. This rule is without an exception. It may not be a splendid success, but patience never takes anything in hand that it does not succed with in some form.

For the Myrtle.

White Robes.

MAIDEN Maud in her robes of white,
Dressed for the party stands;
Over her curls with their roses bright
She passes her jewelled hands.
Into her mirror she throws a glance,—
Fair is the image cast;
Of all the throng in the merry dance,
How can she be surpassed?

Maiden Grace at her window sits,
And gives her a happy look.
Over her face no shadow flits
As she turns from her open book.
Maiden Grace in her robes of snow,
At rest in her easy chair,
She sits and reads as the calm hours go
Of the robes the angels wear.

Ah maiden Maud, if the angels pure
Look down on your happy youth,
They do not frown on your joy, be sure,
If your heart is filled with truth.
But the tenderest glance of their holy eyes,
And their sweetest smiles, are given
To her who under the shadow lies,
And rests her heart on heaven.

H. A. B.

The Persevering Boy.

"Sir," said a boy, addressing a man, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want."

The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked: "Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone.

"O no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain that God has something for me to do in it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

He was a doctor; and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it. So he took the boy into his employment, and found him all that he had desired.

Yes. God has something for everybody to do in this world, and there's room enough for all.

The Outcast.

I saw an unhappy woman once, crouching on the steps of a fine mansion in one of our large cities. There was something about her which betokened "better days," having *once* been her portion.

On inquiry, I was told that she had once been a happy inmate of that beautiful dwelling, but through habits of social drinking, she had fallen step by step in vice, until she had become a "poor outcast," with no home except the poor-house, or the police-cell. Girls! avoid the wine-cup.—*From a Friend.*

For the Myrtle.

Lost in a Snow Storm.

[This is a true incident which occurred here in our late storm. Thinking it might be interesting to the little readers of the MYRTLE, I have written it out for them.—C. G. H.
Greeley, Colorado, Jan. 30, 1872.]

A FEARFUL storm of wind and snow swept over some parts of Colorado on the evening of Jan. 23d. It reached a town near the base of the Rocky Mountains soon after the schools were dismissed. It came so suddenly, that every one was surprised by it. In a few minutes the air was filled with the finest snow, whirling and rushing in every direction. It was impossible to see across the streets. The good doctor who had been out on his daily routine, got lost near his own door. Young ladies, out shopping, found themselves completely covered by a white cloud, and were almost carried along by the wind in spite of themselves. Strong men were obliged to seek the first shelter, as hats were rudely snatched by the wind, and whirled no one knows where.

The storm increased almost to a hurricane, and it was growing colder every minute. How was it with the little ones that had just started for home? The merciless storm filled their faces with blinding snow, and tumbled them about until they did not know where they were. Many were found crouching behind buildings and boxes, and some were found in the streets and helped home by some strong friendly hands; others were taken in by neighbors and kept all night.

Little Annie and Charley Bruce had a long mile to go out of the village, she being only nine years old and her brother younger. They were dismissed as usual before the others were, on account of the long distance they had to go. Their father, who happened to be in town, ran to the schoolhouse, when he saw the storm, and learning that his children had been gone some time, he left his team to take care of itself and hurried on after them. The railroad was their path a part of the way and then the open plain, with neither fence or tree for a guide. He ran along the railroad as fast as he could, but when he came to the turning point for the plain, he found the path entirely covered. He groped along in the terrible storm for some time, and then, knowing that his children never could find their home, he started back to town in the face of the driving wind and snow, to get men to help him find his lost ones. It was a terrible thought for the poor father that his little ones were lost and perhaps freezing so near home.

Little Annie and Charlie were surprised by the storm when they first reached the railroad. They heard a loud roaring behind them and turning, Charley said:

"What is that? The cars are coming, Annie."

"Oh no," said his sister. "It is a storm, don't you see the snow?"

In another moment they were within the white whirling cloud, and able to see only a few feet about them.

"O dear," said Charley, catching his cap and breath at the same time, "I nearly lost my cap."

"Here, let me tie your comforter over your cap and ears," said the thoughtful little girl. "Now you'll not get your ears full of snow."

Then taking Charlie's hand Annie hurried him

along as fast as she could. When they came to the place where they must leave the railroad, they found the path almost covered with snow.

"We are almost home, now," said Annie. "Can you see the house?"

"No, I can't see *anything*," gasped Charley, trying to brush the snow from his eyes and mouth.

They struggled along, feeling that home was very near if they could not see it. When they reached the hollow they could no longer find the path. They tried in vain to find some trace of it. The blinding snow and piercing wind were fast overcoming the little creatures and they sank down to rest.

"O, what shall we do," said Charley, "I'm so cold."

This roused Annie to fresh effort, and at last she thought they had reached home, but the house was not there. "The wind has blown the house away," cried Annie, in despair. Then remembering how her mother had always taught her to pray when in trouble, she clasped her arms about her little brother, and knelt down and prayed with all the trust and earnestness of childhood for God to stop the storm.

Who can know but that some blessed messenger from God guided her father's footsteps, for just as she had ceased, she saw three dim figures passing them, and rising from her knees she was clasped in her father's strong arms. The men had not seen the little crouching figures in prayer, but the children saw them and rose, or they might have been found in the bitter morning, kneeling, cold and white.

How triumphantly the little benumbed creatures were borne to their home twenty rods away, and with what overflowing hearts the parents listened to their sweet voices, as they sung their school songs together, after they were snugly tucked away in bed! *Mrs. C. G. Howard.*

HIRAM POWERS is reported once to have said (and those having the charge of our educational institutions should remember his words:)

"Educate the *hearts* of the people, and the heads will take care of themselves.

"Give, in your schools, rewards to the *good* boys not the *smart* ones.

"God gives the intellect; the boy shall not be rewarded for that.

"The great danger of our country is from its *smart* men.

Lessons of Humility From the Life of Jesus.

First Scholar. Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

HIS INFANCY.

Second S. This wonderful child shall we behold
In palace of marble, fair,
With costliest robes and couch of gold,
With princes about him there?

Answer in Concert. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.—Luke ii. 12.

HIS CHILDHOOD.

Third S. The Bethlehem babe, a boy, we view.
In favor with God and man;
Jerusalem homes now go we through
To find him, if we can.

Ans. in Con. And he went down with his parents and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.—Luke ii. 51.

HIS BAPTISM.

Fourth S. He cometh to John, by Jordan's side;
Now listen, if he will say,
I have no need of the cleansing tide;
I turn from the right away.

Ans. in Con. John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? Jesus answering, said, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.—Matt. ii. 15.

CALLING THE DISCIPLES.

Fifth S. Disciples he calls, commanding them
The heralds of God to be.
Thy nobles, are they, Jerusalem?
The scribe and the Pharisee?

Ans. in Con. Jesus walking by the sea of Galilee saw two brethren, Simon, called Peter, and Andrew, his brother, casting their nets into the sea, for they were fishers; and he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.—Matt. iv. 18, 19.

HIS FRIENDS.

Sixth S. While rulers to him came, bowing low,
And seeking his favor, then
Oh think you that Jesus would ever go
With humble and lowliest men?

Ans. in Con. The Pharisees said, why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners? Jesus said, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.—Matt ix. 11, 12.

HIS DWELLING.

Seventh S. The dwellings around were rich and grand.
Had Jesus in them his choice,
Did people come forth on every hand
And call Him with loving voice?

Ans. in Con. Jesus said, The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.—Matt. vii. 20.

THE LESSON.

Eighth S. To teachings of love on every page
Are given, our hearts to bless,
From Bethlehem's babe to his latest age,
The lesson of lowliness.

Ans. in Con. For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might become rich.—2 Cor. viii. 9.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The semi-annual meeting of the Sabbath School connected with the Universalist society in Worcester, was held on the third Sunday evening in January, in the church, which was well filled. The veteran superintendent, Mr. Wm. Mecorney, presided. The report of the secretary, Mr. Daniel Seagrave, stated the whole number now belonging to the school to be four hundred and fourteen, including nine officers and thirty teachers.

VERMONT.

—The Universalist Sunday School in Felchville, Vt., has nearly doubled.

—The Sunday School connected with the parish in Chester, Vt., held their annual gathering at the house of their much esteemed Superintendent, Norman A. Smith, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 24th. The large house was filled with children, and parents, and friends,—about two hundred persons. A tableaux, two charades, a piece written for the occasion, creditably performed by some of the young people, refreshments, novel amusements, and excellent music, made the occasion very pleasant, Altogether, it was a rare occasion, enjoyed alike by young and old.

OHIO.

—The Sunday School at New Madison, has an average attendance of about seventy-five "with the thorough understanding that it is a Universalist School." A prosperous state of affairs and the best of feeling insure what they always have,—happy and profitable meetings.

IOWA.

—One of our lone subscribers, a mother of little ones, we judge, Blanche Baker of Grundy Centre, writes: "We are more pleased with the MYRTLE than ever, and feel that we could not do without it; more especially on account of not having meetings and a Sabbath School of our faith for our children to attend."

But is it not possible to have a "Sabbath School of our faith" even for but *one* family of little ones? One of the best Sabbath Schools we have lately heard of, had but five members and was superintended by a lady in her own parlor. Get the Sabbath School started, and the meeting will follow in good time.

—"Nearly all our Sabbath School teachers are vigorous members of the church." So writes the pastor of one of our most active churches, to us. This is as it should be.

In General.

——The largest Protestant Sunday School in Philadelphia is said to contain about eighteen hundred scholars; the smallest, ten.

——In the Memorial Church in Springfield, the children of the Sunday School sing from the hymn books used by the congregation. This course is taken that they may be trained for a part in the usual worship service of the church.

——President Cattell, of Lafayett College, said in a recent sermon: "There is nothing in the sublime Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ which he taught upon earth that a little child cannot understand." Do all parents and teachers realize this truth?

——Through the labors of an active temperance reformer, Mr. M. W. Page, about seventy thousand temperance pledges have been distributed in the United States and Territories since Feb 5th, 1870. A part of these pledges have been received by four hundred different Sunday Schools.

——In his Sunday School at Elmira, N Y., Thomas K. Beecher adopts a system of close marking—as close as in college training. To be perfect, a scholar must be punctual in attendance, verbally accurate in recitation, correct in deportment, and must bring a contribution to the Lord's treasury. By keeping his standard high in these particulars Mr. Beecher has a more uniformly good school than is secured elsewhere by the offer of prize banners or other rewards, too common in Sunday Schools.

——It is related by Jerome, one of the early Christian fathers, that when the apostle John had grown too old to preach and too feeble to walk, the brethren at Ephesus, the city where he then lived, used to carry him regularly to the place of Christian worship. Incapable of lengthy discourse the white-haired and feeble disciple would stand up at the close of each service, and with faltering voice say to the assembly, "Little children, love one another," This was his address at all their meetings; and when asked why he always said the same thing, he replied, "It is the Lord's commandment, and if this be obeyed all will be well."

——We find in a daily paper this account of some very costly Sunday School Rooms in the vicinity of New York city: "Ten years ago Plymouth Church, (Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's, in Brooklyn,) enlarged its Sunday School Room, built a parlor, put a fountain in the building, put up a fine organ, hung the walls with pictures, and made things beautiful all round. The sensation produced by this outlay was very general. Now Plymouth Sunday School Room is plain and barn-like in comparison with the costly structures going up on all sides. Yesterday St. Peter's Church threw open its School Room, which has cost $100,000, The room is very elegant and has every conceivable arrangement for the wants of a large School and growing Parish. The Reformed Church in Flatbush has opened a fine brown stone Sunday School building, costing $60.00, the building being more elegant than the Church in which the parish worship. Our most liberal, energetic and wealthy Christians are in our Sunday Schools. Quite as much money is raised among the children on the average as is raised in the churches. In some of the Schools the entire expense of building, music, library and presents, is born by individuals.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXV.

THE HEALING OF THE WOMAN WITH A SPIRIT OF INFIRMITY.

"He touched me and set me upright."

SCRIPTURE, — Luke xiii. 11–17.

Question. — Where did Jesus teach after the raising of Lazarus?

Answer. — Luke xiii. 10.

Q. — Who among others came to one of these synagogues?

A. — Luke xiii. 11.

Q. — How long had she been afflicted by her disease?

A. — Luke xiii. 11.

Q. — How was she affected by it?

A. — Luke xiii. 11.

Q. — To what nation did she belong?

A. — Luke xiii. 16.

Q. — On what day of the week did Jesus meet her in the synagogue?

A. — Luke xiii. 10.

Q. — Did Jesus wait for her to ask him for help?

A. — Luke xiii. 12.

Q. — What did he say to her?

A. — Luke xiii. 12.

Q. — What did he do after using those words?

A. — Luke xiii. 13.

Q. — What effect followed?

A. — Luke xiii. 13.

Q. — How was the ruler of the synagogue affected by the miracle?

A. — Luke xiii. 14.

NOTE. The ruler of a synagogue presided over its meetings as a minister presides over Sunday services in the church, or rather more correctly, as the leader presides over a Conference meeting. This ruler was not indignant becuuse the miracle was wrought on the Sabbath, but because Jesus was glorified by it.

Q. — As the ruler pretended to be indignant for another than the real reason, what did Jesus call him?

A. — Luke xiii. 15.

Q. — How did Jesus prove that he had not broken the law?

A. — Luke xiii. 15, 16.

Q. — If it was proper to attend to the wants of beasts on the Sabbath, what did Jesus assert was more proper?

A. — Luke xiii. 16.

NOTE. We have frequently observed that men, in their ignorance, ascribed certain diseases to the influence of evil spirits. Now that men are better informed, they correctly ascribe diseases to natural causes.

Q. — What effect did this controversy between Jesus and the ruler of the synagogue, have upon the people?

A. — Luke xiii. 17.

Enigma.

My first is in Ruth, who was Boaz's wife.
My second is in Joseph, who led a good life.
My third is in Judea, where the Jews used to be.
My fourth is in Galilee, where Jesus walked on the sea.
My fifth is in Obed, a patriarch of old.
My sixth is in Nimrod, a hunter so bold.
My seventh is in God, who made first the light.
My eighth is in Saul, who did not do right.
My ninth is in Noah, who was Lamech's child.
My tenth is in Moses, who was both meek and mild.
My eleventh is in Pilate, before whom Jesus stood.
My twelfth is in Pharisees, who thought themselves good.
My thirteenth is in Herod, who mocked Jesus with scorn.
My fourteenth is in Christ, who rose the third morn.
My fifteenth is in Judas, a traitor and knave.
My whole is the one who each lambkin will save.

Ida T. Smith.

Answers.

FEB. 10. Barabbas; Esther; Leah; Seraphim; Hannah; Absalom; Zebedee; Zillah; Aceldama; Rebekah. Belshazzar. Truth.

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